

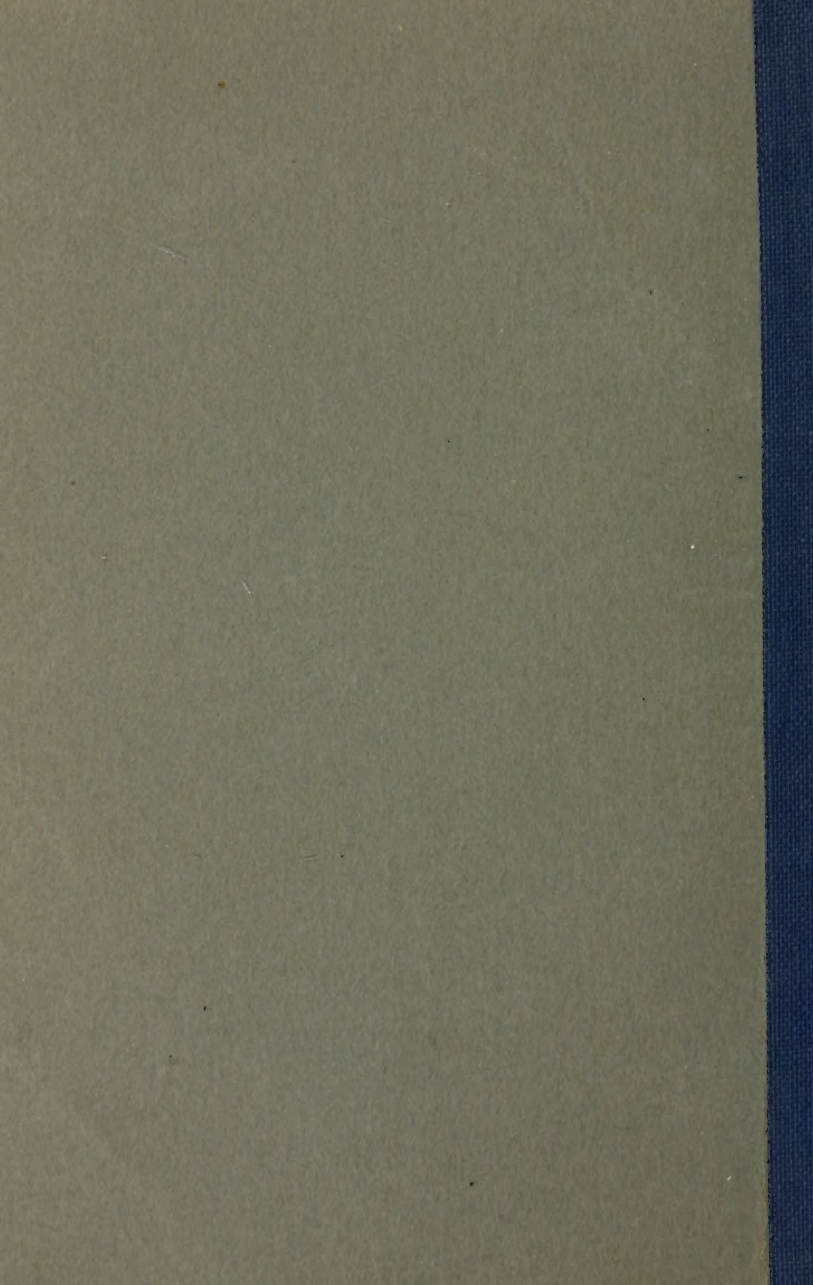
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En  
Bk. IV

# VERGIL'S

## ÆNEID, IV.

A TRANSLATION.

BY

A. A. IRWIN NESBITT, M.A.,

LATE PROFESSOR AT M. A. O. COLLEGE, ALIGARH.

LONDON: W. B. CLIVE & CO.,  
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# VERGIL.

## ÆNEID, BOOK IV.

*A TRANSLATION.*

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BUT the queen, on the other hand, long since stricken with the grievous pangs of love, feeds her trouble with her life-blood, and is consumed with secret flames. Again and again recur to her mind the valour of the hero, and the glory of his race ; his looks and words are printed deep in her heart, and her troubled mind refuses to her body calm repose. The next succeeding dawn was traversing the earth with Phœbus' torch, and had dispersed the dank shades of night from the sky, when thus the love-sick queen addresses her sympathetic sister :

9. 'Anna, my sister, what dreams trouble and affright me ! What a man is this new guest who has visited our settlement ! What a noble face is his ! How mighty his chest and shoulders ! For my part I believe, nor do I so believe without due ground, that he is a son of the Gods. Fear proves the base-born mind. Alas ! by what cruel destiny has he been tossed about ; of what perils undergone in war he told us ! If it were not the fixed and unchangeable purpose of my mind to consent to bind myself to no one in the bonds of wedlock, after my first love had betrayed me and cheated me by death ; had not utter weariness of the bridal bed and torch possessed me, I might perchance have stooped to this one weakness. For, Anna, I will confess it to thee, since the death of my hapless spouse Sychæus, and the

breaking up of my home by the murder committed by my brother, he alone has swayed my senses, and caused my purpose to waver. I recognise the traces of the old flame. But I would pray that Earth might first yawn for me to her depths, or the Omnipotent Father hurl me with his bolt to the shades, the pallid shades of Erebus and the darkness of the depths, before I outrage thee, my woman's honour, or forget thy claims. He who first took me to himself has borne away with him all my love : let him keep it with him and preserve it in his tomb.' So she spake, and bathed her bosom with a rush of tears.

31. Anna answers : ' O thou who art dearer to thy sister than the light of day, art thou to waste away, pining in loneliness all thy youth long, and know not sweet children nor the joys of wedded love ? Thinkest thou that the ashes of the dead, or the buried shades, care aught for this ? Granted that no suitors have ere this swayed thee in thy sorrow, either in Libya or erstwhile in Tyre : granted that Iarbas was looked on with scorn, and the other chiefs whom the Afric land so rich in triumphs nurtures : wilt thou struggle also against a welcome passion ? And hast thou not thought in whose territories thou hast founded thy settlement ? On one side the cities of the Gætuli, a people matchless in war, and the Numidæ unbridled as their steeds, and the churlish Syrtes hem thee in ; on the other is a region parched and barren, and Barce's fierce people ranging far and wide. Why need I speak of the wars that threaten us from Tyre, and the menaces of thy brother ? For me, I deem that by the direction of Heaven and the grace of Juno the ships of Ilium have sailed before the wind to our shores. Oh, my sister, mated to such a spouse, to what greatness wilt thou see this city rise, how mighty wilt thou see this empire grow ! With the arms of the Trojans aiding it, with what might will the glory of Carthage be exalted ! Do thou only pray for Heaven's grace, and when thy sacrifices have found favour, give the rein to hospitality, and weave around him pretexts for delay, while winter and Orion with his rain-clouds rage over the deep, and the ships are shattered, and the stormy heavens may not be faced.'



54. By these words she inflamed with passion a mind already hotly moved, and gave hope to the doubting heart, and broke down the barriers of woman's shame. First they visit the shrines, and seek the favour of Heaven on every altar; they sacrifice sheep duly chosen to Ceres the law-giver, and to Phœbus, and to Father Lyæus, and before all to Juno, whose care are marriage ties. Dido herself in radiant beauty, holding in her hand the bowl, pours it out between the horns of a snow-white heifer, or in the presence of the Gods moves among the rich altars, and celebrates the day with offerings, and eagerly scans the quivering entrails of the cattle when the breasts are opened. Alas for the blindness of the seers' minds! Of what avail are vows and shrines to one already stricken with love's madness? The insidious flame consumes the while her very marrow, and the secret hurt grows in her heart. Hapless Dido is consumed with passion, and restless with love's madness wanders through the whole city, even as a hind which, when an arrow has been shot forth, the shepherd as he hunts with his weapons through the Cretan woods has stricken from afar when off her guard, and left the winged steel, though he knows it not; she speeds in flight through the wooded glades of Dicte, but the deadly shaft is fixed fast in her side. Now she guides Æneas with her through the midst of her buildings, and shows him the wealth of Sidon and the city she has prepared. She begins to speak and breaks off in the middle of her speech. Now at close of day she renews the banquet, and demands, poor fool! to hear again the labours of Troy, and again hangs on the lips of him who tells the tale. Then when the guests have gone their ways, and the Moon fading in her turn withdraws her light, and the setting stars invite to sleep, alone she mourns in the deserted hall, or lies on the couch he has quitted: though parted from him, still she seems to hear and see him in his absence: or holds Ascanius long in her lap, crazed by his likeness to his father, if haply she may thus beguile her unspeakable love. No higher rise the towers that have been commenced, no longer do the warriors engage in martial exercise, or make ready the harbours and the defences impregnable in time of war: the

works cease and stand still—both the mighty threatening walls and the engines raised high as heaven.

90. But as soon as Jove's loved spouse perceived that the queen was possessed with such a bane, and that no thought of her reputation stood in the way of her passion, thus Saturn's daughter addresses Venus: 'Splendid in sooth the glory, rich the spoils, great and glorious the name that ye win, thou and thy boy, in that one woman has been overcome by the craft of two of the Gods. Nor, indeed, do I fail to perceive that through dread of our city thou hast regarded with suspicion the refuge offered by lofty Carthage. But what is to be the end of all this, or wherefore is there now such strife? Why not rather bestir ourselves to bring about an enduring peace and a plighted union? Thou hast that which thou hast sought to win with all thy mind; Dido is consumed with love, and has drunk the mad passion into her very bones. Let us, then, rule over this people in common and with equal power; let her be allowed to submit to a Phrygian lord, and to bring to thy hand the Tyrians as her dower.'

105. Her Venus thus addressed in reply—for she perceived that she had spoken with an assumed feeling, that she might divert the kingdom of Italy to the Libyan shores: 'Who so mad as to reject such offers, or prefer to strive with thee in war, if only, as thou sayest, fortune favoured such an enterprise? But I am borne on by the fates, and know not if Jupiter would wish that one city should be shared by the Tyrians and the exiles from Troy, or sanction the union of the peoples or the conclusion of treaties of alliance between them. Thou art his spouse; to thee it is permitted to explore his purpose with thy prayers. Proceed, then! I will follow thee.' Then thus rejoined queenly Juno: 'This task thou speakest of I will undertake. And now attend, and in a few words I will inform thee how the present part of our purpose may be accomplished. Æneas, and with him the unhappy Dido, prepare to go hunting in the wood as soon as ever to-morrow's Sun has proclaimed his rising, and driven darkness from the earth with his rays. Here, while the beaters are hurrying about and surrounding the glades with nets, I will pour

down upon them from above a black rain-storm mingled with hail, and will wake the echoes of wide heaven with thunder. Their comrades will scatter and will be shrouded in the thick darkness. Dido and the Trojan chief will reach the same cave. I will be there, and, once assured of thy goodwill, I will join her to him in fast wedlock, and make her his own ; thus shall they be wedded.' Cytheræa did not refuse assent to her request, and smiled at the crafty scheme she had devised.

129. Meantime Aurora, rising, left the ocean. And when the brightness of the dawn appeared, the chosen youth went forth from the gates : and hunting nets of loose texture, large and small, and hunting spears with broad steel heads are borne with them, and Massylian horsemen rush forth, and a pack of keen-scented dogs. The chiefs of the Pœni await at the threshold the queen, who still lingers in her chamber, and a spirited steed stands waiting in shining trappings of gold and purple, and champs his foaming bit. At last she comes forth, with a long train of attendants, clad in a Sidonian robe with an embroidered border. Her quiver is of gold, her hair is knotted up with a golden pin, a golden brooch fastens her purple vesture. The Phrygians and the joyful Iulus, too, join her train. Æneas himself, fair in form before all others, advances to accompany her, and joins the throng. Like as Apollo, when he leaves wintry Lycia and the streams of Xanthus and visits his mother's Delos, and renews his dances, while mingled together round his altars Cretes and Dryopes and the tattooed Agathyrsi wildly revel ; he himself moves along the heights of Cynthus, and arranges his flowing tresses and binds them with soft leaves and interweaves them with gold, while his arms ring on his shoulders ; no less lightly than he moved Æneas, and a beauty great as the God's shone forth from his glorious face. When they had reached the lofty mountains and the pathless woods, lo ! the wild goats dislodged from the summit of the cliff rush down the crags ; in another place the stags scour the open plains, and mass their herds, raising clouds of dust as they fly, and leave the mountains. The while the boy Ascanius in the middle of the valleys rejoices in his



spirited horse, and speeds now past one group, now another, and longs that a foaming boar may appear in answer to his prayer among these timid herds, or that a tawny lion may come down from the mountain.

160. Meanwhile, the sky begins to be troubled with a mighty rumbling, and the storm-cloud rushes up with mingled hail and rain, and the Tyrian train and the warriors of Troy, and the Trojan grandson of Venus, scattering in terror, sought shelter in different directions throughout the fields; torrents pour down from the hills. Dido and the Trojan chief reach the same cave. First Earth and Juno, Goddess of Marriage, give the sign; the lightnings flashed, and the firmament was witness to their union, and the Nymphs shrilled forth their joyous cries on the summit of the hills. That day first was the cause of her death, that day first the cause of her misfortunes; for Dido heeds no longer the common eye or the common tongue, no longer sets her heart on a secret love: she calls their union marriage: under this name she veils her guilt.

173. Straightway Fame goes forth through the great cities of Libya—Fame, than whom no other evil thing is swifter; she grows strong by moving and acquires vigour as she flies. At first she is small through fear; soon she rises into the breezes, and while she walks on the ground she hides her head among the clouds. Mother Earth, so the story goes, stirred with wrath against the Gods, bore her the youngest sister of Cœus and Encelādus, swift of foot and nimble of wing, a monster dread and huge, who for every feather on her body hath a wakeful eye beneath wondrous to relate, and a tongue and mouth to speak with, and an ear to raise to hear. By night she flies through the darkness midway between earth and heaven, with whirring wings, and droops not her eyes in sweet sleep: by day she sits, as sentinel, it may be, on the rooftree, or on lofty towers, and terrifies great cities, as persistent in maintaining the false and wrong as she is in telling truth. She now, rejoicing in her work, began to spread through the nations a rumour many times exaggerated, and mingled in her story true and false in equal measure, 'that one Æneas had come, of Trojan ancestry, to whom the fair Dido deigned to join her-



self in marriage; and now they were merrily passing the whole winter long in luxurious living, unmindful of their realms, and possessed by a degrading passion.' With such tales the foul Goddess fills far and wide the mouths of men. Forthwith she directs her course to King Iarbas, and fires his mind with her words, and excites him to greater wrath against the queen.

198. He, the son of Hammon by a ravished nymph of the Garamantes, had founded in his wide realms a hundred huge temples to Jupiter, a hundred shrines, and had consecrated an undying fire, a never-ending vigil for the Gods, and ground enriched with the blood of victims, and thresholds wreathed with flowers of varied hue. And he, it is said, distraught in mind and filled with mad passions by this cruel rumour, suppliant uttered many prayers to Jupiter with hands upraised before the altars in the divine presence of the Gods: 'Almighty Jupiter, to whom the Maurusian people, banqueting on embroidered couches, now pour out offerings of wine, dost thou behold these things? Is it for nought we fear thee, father, when thou hurlest thy thunderbolts; and are the fires in the clouds that terrify our minds aimless, and is their crashing but an empty sound? A woman who, wandering in our country, purchased the right to build a petty town, to whom we gave a strip of coast for tilth, and to whom we have given sovereign rights in her territory, has rejected an alliance with us, and has welcomed Æneas to share her kingdom as its lord. And now this Paris, with his effeminate crew, his chin and essenced hair bound with a Lydian turban, enjoys his conquest; while we bear gifts to thy temples, forsooth, and worship an empty name.'

219. And the Omnipotent God heard him as he prayed in such words and clasped the altars, and he cast his eyes on the royal city and the lovers forgetful of their better fame. Then thus he addresses Mercury, and these orders he gives him: 'Arise, my son, go now, call the winds and glide upon thy wings, and address the Dardan chief, who is now dallying in Tyrian Carthage and giving no thought to the cities assigned to him by the Fates, and bear my message on the breeze that swiftly speeds thee on. Not

such as this did his beauteous mother promise us he should be ; and therefore twice she saved him from the weapons of the Greeks ; but she promised that he should be the man to sway Italy, teeming with empire and raging with war, to hand down a line from the ancient blood of Teucer and dominate the whole world. If the glory of such achievements in no wise moves him, and he will not himself, for his own fame, set about the task, does the father grudge to Ascanius the hills of Rome ? What is he now planning ? What does he hope for, that he now lingers among a hostile nation, and gives no heed to his Ausonian people and the Lavinian fields ? Let him sail : my wishes are summed up in this, let this be my message.'

238. He ceased ; and the God prepared to obey the behest of his mighty father : and first, to his feet he binds his sandals, all golden, which bear him aloft on their wings over sea, over land, swift as the rushing wind. Then he takes his rod (with this he calls forth the pallid shades from Orcus, and sends down others to gloomy Tartarus, gives sleep and takes it away, and unseals the eyes at death) ; trusting in this he drives the winds before him, and cleaves his way through the stormy clouds ; and now in his flight he descries the summit and steep sides of patient Atlas who supports the heavens with his head—Atlas whose pine-clad crest is ever invested with black clouds, and buffeted with wind and rain ; drifts of snow cover his shoulders ; torrents, too, rush down the old man's chin, and his bristly beard is stiff with ice. Here first, poising himself on even wings, Cellenius stopped ; hence with all his force he launched himself headlong down towards the sea, like a bird which round the shores and round the rocks that fishes haunt flies low down near the water. Even so Cyllene's child flew between earth and sky, along the sandy shore of Libya, and cut through the air when he left his mother's sire. Soon as with winged feet he touched the huts, he sees Æneas founding citadels and renewing houses ; and his sword glittered with yellow jasper as with stars, and the mantle which hung from his shoulders blazed with Tyrian purple, a gift which the wealthy Dido had made for him, interweaving the web with threads of gold. Straightway he

accosts him : 'Art thou now laying the foundations of lofty Carthage, and, a woman's slave, raising a fair city, forgetting, alas, thine own kingdom and fortunes ? The ruler of the Gods himself, who sways heaven and earth with his awful nod, sends me down to thee from bright Olympus ; he himself bids me bear these mandates to thee through the swift breezes. What plan hast thou ? what dost thou hope for that thou wastest thy time in idleness in this Libyan land ? If the glory of so great an enterprise in no way moves thee, and thou no longer pressest on the task for thine own glory's sake, think of Ascanius now growing to manhood, of the hopes centred in thine heir Iulus, whose destiny it is to possess the kingdom of Italy and the soil of Rome.' When with these words he had addressed the hero, Cyllenius, even as he spoke, vanished from mortal eyes, and melted far out of sight into thin air.

279. But Æneas, in sooth, was struck dumb with amazement by the sight, and his hair rose on his head in shuddering fear, and power of speech failed him. He is filled with eagerness to flee away and leave this pleasant land ; thunderstruck as he is by such a warning and bidding of the gods. Alas ! what is he to do ? With what address may he now dare to approach the impassioned queen ? How is he to commence his story ? Now this way, now that, he turns his rapid brain, and hurries it from thought to thought, and considers every plan. And as he wavered, this scheme seemed to him the best : he summons Mnestheus and Sergestus and the brave Serestus, and bids them quietly get the fleet ready, and assemble their people on the shore, and prepare their arms, and hide the true explanation of this change of plans. Himself the while, since noble Dido knows not, and expects not that such strong bonds of love can be broken, will seek access to her and try when he may most gently break his purpose to her ; what mode of doing so will be most desirable. Right well content, they all hasten to do his bidding and execute his orders. But the queen—for who could deceive a lover ?—divined his treachery, and at once understood the movements that were to take place ; fearing as she did even when all seemed safe. It was fell Fame again that bore to her the

tidings that goaded her to madness, that the ships were being fitted and preparations made for sailing. Incapable of self-control she raves, and goes raging through the whole city fired with passion; like a Thyiad, excited by the waving of the sacred symbols of the god, when the cry of 'Bacchus' is heard, and the triennial orgies stir her mind, and Cithæron summons her by night with the noise of the shouting. At last, before he can speak to her, she addresses Æneas with these words:

305. 'And didst thou hope, traitor, that thou couldst actually conceal such an impious act and leave my land without a word? Does not our love give thee pause, nor the pledges thou didst once give me, nor the thought of Dido doomed to perish by a cruel death? Nay more, O cruel, dost thou fit out thy fleet in the winter season, and hasten to cross the deep while the stormy north winds blow? What? if thou wert not seeking foreign land and an unknown home, but ancient Troy still stood, wouldst thou steer thy fleet even to Troy o'er the billowy deep? Is it from me that thou fleest? By these tears and thy right hand I adjure thee—since by my own act I have now left nothing else to my wretched self—by our union, by the nuptials we have entered on, if I have in aught deserved well of thee, or thou hast found any pleasure in me, pity a house tottering to its fall, and cast aside this purpose of thine, I entreat thee, if prayers may still avail. On account of thee the peoples of Libya and the rulers of the Nomads hate me, my own Tyrians are hostile to me. Through thee, too, my woman's honour is lost, and my former good repute, through which alone I hoped to reach the stars. To whom, then, dost thou give me up, my guest, doomed to speedy death? Since by this name alone I may call him whom once I called my husband. Why do I delay to die? Am I to wait till my brother Pygmalion overthrows my walls, or the Gaetulian Iarbas seizes me for his bride? If, at least, I might have held in my arms before thy flight a child of thine, if a little Æneas might have played in my courts, who in face, in spite of all, might recall thee to me, I should not have felt myself so utterly captive and forlorn.'

331. She ceased. He, by Jove's command, held his face



unmoved, and with mighty effort kept his grief deep buried in his heart. At last he made brief answer : ‘Never, O Queen, shall I deny that thou hast deserved of me all that thou canst enumerate in words, nor shall I ever feel aught but tenderness at the remembrance of Elissa as long as I remember myself, as long as the breath within me moves these limbs. I will speak briefly as the occasion demands. I neither thought to cover this, my flight, in secrecy; imagine not that I did; nor did I ever proffer thee the torch of marriage, or make such compact with thee. Did the Fates permit me to pass my life as I myself willed, and as I pleased to put a term to all my troubles, I should first of all seek to dwell in the lofty city of Troy, and honour the dear remains of my people; the stately palaces of Priam should still stand, and with my hand I should have founded a new Pergamus for the vanquished. But now it is great Italy that Grynæan Apollo, Italy that the Lycian lots have bidden me to strive for, and there I find my love, my country. If the towers of Carthage and the sight of a Libyan city keep thee, a Phœnician, spellbound, why, I pray thee, shouldst thou grudge that the Teucri should settle in Ausonian land? To us, too, it is permitted to seek a foreign kingdom. The troubled shade of my father Anchises, as often as night veils the earth in its dank shades, as often as the starry fires rise, warns me and terrifies me in my dreams. I am troubled, too, by thoughts of the boy Ascanius, and the wrong I do to that loved one whom I am defrauding of the kingdom of Hesperia, and the lands that are his by Fate’s decree. Even now a messenger of the gods, sent from Jove himself—thy head and mine I call to witness—bore down his mandate through the swift breezes. I myself saw the god, in the open light of day, as he entered the walls, and with these ears I drank in his words: cease to rouse both thyself and me with thy complaints; it is not of my own free will that I go on in search of Italy.’

362. As he thus speaks she has long glared on him askance, rolling her eyes this way and that, and scanning him all over with silent gaze, and thus bursts forth in passionate speech: ‘No goddess was thy mother, Dardanus was not the father of thy race, thou traitor, but Caucasus

rugged with hard rocks bore thee, and Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck. For why do I hide my feelings? or for what greater wrongs do I reserve myself? Hath he uttered one sigh for all my weeping? Have his eyes once softened? Hath he been so far overcome as to shed tears, or shown any pity for his lover! What shall I say first! / Now—now neither mighty Juno nor the father, Saturn's son, regards these doings with just eyes; / nowhere is there faith that one can trust in. / Cast away on my shores, in sore need I took him in and madly assigned to him a share in my kingdom / I restored to him his lost fleet; I saved his comrades from death. / Alas! I am transported with burning rage! Now it is prophetic Apollo; now the Lycian oracles that bid him depart; now the messenger of the Gods sent by Jove himself bears his dread mandates through the air. / This, forsooth, is the task of the Gods above; this anxiety disturbs their calm repose. / I neither hold thee back nor do I attempt to refute thy words. / Go, follow thy Italy, the sport of the winds, seek thy kingdom on the tossing sea. / For me I hope—if deities who regard the right have any power—that among the rocks thou wilt drain the cup of punishment, and wilt often call upon Dido by name. / With murky torches will I follow thee, though I be far away; and when cold death has severed body from spirit, my shade shall haunt thee wherever thou dost go. Thou shalt pay the penalty, base that thou art; I shall hear it, and the news thereof will reach me in the shades below. / With these words she abruptly ceased speaking, and sick at heart she shunned the light of day and voided his sight and fled away, leaving him hesitating much through fear, and trying to say many things. Her attendants raise her, and bear her fainting limbs to her marble chamber and lay her on a couch.

393. But the good Æneas, although he would fain assuage her grief by comforting her and with his words dispel her troubles, with many a sigh and shaken in mind with his great love, does nevertheless the bidding of the Gods, and betakes him to his fleet. Then, indeed, the Trojans bend to the work, and all along the shore haul down the tall ships. / The well-pitched keels are afloat, and from the

woods they bring oars not wholly stripped of leaves, and timbers still unfashioned, in their eagerness to get away. You might see them as they departed rushing out of the whole city, like as when ants mindful of winter are despoiling a huge heap of grain and storing it up in their nest: the black column stretches across the plain, and on the narrow path through the grass they all unite in bringing home their booty; some with mighty effort push along with their shoulders the heavy grains of corn; some keep the column in order, and punish the loiterers; the whole path is aglow with the work. / What feelings then were thine, Dido, when thou sawest such a sight? How deep were the groans thou didst utter when from the summit of the citadel thou didst regard the shore far and wide filled with busy life, and sawest before thine eyes the whole sea covered with this confused and noisy crowd? Cruel Love, to what dost thou not compel the hearts of mortals? Once again she is driven to tears; once again to try to win him by her prayers, and in entreaty to submit her pride to her love, lest she leave aught untried and her purposed death prove vain.

416. 'Anna, thou seest this bustle all along the shore; from all around they have assembled, already the spread canvas invites the breeze, and the joyful sailors have crowned the sterns with garlands. If I have been able to endure the thought of such a grief, I shall be able also, sister mine, to bear it through. Yet do me, wretched that I am, this one kindness, Anna, for that treacherous man used to seek thy friendship alone; to thee he would confide even his secret feelings; thou alone knewest how and at what times his softer feelings might be worked upon. Go now, my sister, and address in suppliant guise my disdainful enemy. I did not swear at Aulis with the Danaï to destroy the Trojan race, nor send a fleet to Pergamos, nor did I disinter the ashes of Father Anchises or disturb his spirit, that he should refuse to receive my words into his unfeeling ears. Whither is he going in such haste? Let him grant this last boon to his hapless lover; let him wait for a fair passage and favouring winds. I ask not now for that once dreamed-of marriage in regard to which he

has betrayed me, nor that he should deprive himself of fair Latium and abandon his kingdom; I ask but a breathing-time, a space in which my mad passion may abate, in which my fortune may teach her whom she has crushed to grieve. This is a last grace I crave of thee—have pity on thy sister, and when thou hast granted it, I will abundantly repay thee at my death.’ So she would plead, and such tearful appeals her grieving sister bears and bears again to him. But he is moved by no piteous tales, nor softens at any prayer he hears. Fate bars the way, and heaven stops the hero’s ears that would else yield to her pleading. And as when Alpine winds, now from this side, now from that, strive one against another to overthrow with their blasts an oak vigorous in ancient strength, it loudly creaks, and the leaves are thick strewn on the ground as the stem is shaken; but the tree clings to the rocks, and high as it stretches with its summit into the air of heaven, so deep its roots extend to Tartarus. Even thus on all sides is the hero buffeted by unceasing entreaties; he feels keen grief through all his mighty heart, but his purpose is unshaken; in vain their tears roll down.

450. Then indeed hapless Dido, maddened by the Fates, prays for death; she wearies of looking on the vault of heaven. And to cause her more readily to carry out her design and leave the light, she saw, when she was laying gifts upon the altars rich with incense, horrible to relate, the sacred libations grow black, and the poured-out wine change into foul gore. This vision she told to none, not even to her sister. And, moreover, there was in her palace a shrine of marble, consecrated to her former husband, which she tended with special honour, wreathing it with snowy fillets and with festal garlands. From this she seemed to plainly hear the voice and the words of her husband calling her, when black night possessed the earth, while on the roof the solitary owl would oft complain with funereal note, and utter long and wailing cries. And many predictions besides of holy seers affright her with their dread warnings. In her frenzied dreams the cruel Æneas himself pursues her, and oft she dreams that left alone and unattended she is following on and on an endless



track, seeking her Tyrians in a desolate land. Even as Pentheus in his madness sees the bands of the Eumenides, and sees two suns and a double Thebes appear before him, or Orestes, son of Agamemnon, when he is driven over the stage, fleeing from his mother armed with torches and black serpents, while the avenging Furies sit at the threshold.

✓ 474. When, therefore, worn out by her trouble, she is possessed with her mad purpose and is resolved to die, in her own mind she fixes on the time and means, and addressing her sad sister, by her expression veils her purpose and displays a calm and hopeful brow: 'I have found, sister mine, a way—rejoice with thy sister!—of winning him back to me, or freeing myself of my love for him. Close to the bound of ocean and the setting sun, at the extreme limit of the world, lies the land of the Æthiopians, where mighty Atlas rears upon his shoulders the whirling heavens studded with bright stars; from that land I have heard of a priestess of the Massylian people, the guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, who used to supply with food the dragon and preserve the sacred boughs on the tree, sprinkling on the food liquid honey and the drowsy poppy. She professes that she can by her charms release what minds she pleases from the chains of love, and on others inflict cruel pangs, stay the current of the river, or turn the stars backward in their course; and she calls up by night the spirits of the dead. You will perceive the earth bellow beneath your feet, and the ash-trees coming down from the mountains. By the Gods I swear, dear sister, and by thyself and thy dear life, that unwillingly I arm myself with magic arts. Do thou in the interior of the palace secretly raise a pyre to heaven, and place upon it the hero's arms, which the heartless man left hanging in our chamber, and all his apparel, and the bridal-bed by which I was undone. The priestess bids and teaches to destroy all that could remind me of the cruel man.' Having thus spoken, she is silent, and a paleness overspreads her face. Yet Anna suspects not that her sister makes this novel rite a cloak for death, and fails to understand how much her mind is troubled, nor fears that worse will happen than at the death of Sychæus. Therefore she sets about what she has been told to do.

504. But the queen, when in the inner palace a pyre has been high raised to heaven with pine logs and oaken billets, covers the pile with garlands and crowns it with funereal leaves; and on its top she places the garments, and the sword he has left behind, and his image on the couch, well knowing what shall be. Round about stand altars, and the priestess, with dishevelled hair, invokes in pealing tones thrice a hundred Gods, Erebus and Chaos and the threefold Hecate, the three-faced virgin Diana; and had sprinkled lustral water, drawn, so she pretends, from Avernus' fount; and luxuriant herbs are sought, with juice of black poison, shorn with brazen sickle by the light of the moon; the love-charm, too, is sought for, which is torn from the forehead of a colt at birth, and snatched away before the dam can take it. The queen herself, with sacrificial cake and washen hands, standing by the altars, one foot unsandalled, in vesture flowing loose, now on verge of death, invokes the Gods and the stars prescient of fate; and then she prays to the just and mindful Deity, if such there be, which cares for lovers unhappily wedded.

522. It was night, and throughout the world weary mortals were enjoying peaceful sleep, and the woods were hushed to rest, and the wild waves; it was the time when the stars are rolling in mid course, when all the land is still; the beasts of the field and the birds with their bright plumage, both those which frequent the wide waters of the lakes, and those which dwell in the fields with their dense thickets, lapped in sleep in the silent night, were enjoying rest from their cares, while their hearts forgot their troubles. But the Phœnician queen, with grief in her soul, can never lose herself in sleep, or receive the night into her eyes or heart; her grief redoubles, and her love, awakening anew, rages fiercely, and she is tossed on a mighty sea of passion. Thus she begins, and these the whirling thoughts that fill her mind: 'Oh! what can I do? Shall I, thus scorned, again make trial of my former suitors, and, suppliant, seek a marriage with those Nomads, when I have before so often spurned them as husbands? Shall I, then, follow the Ilian fleet and execute the orders of the Trojans, whatever they may be? Shall I do this because they are glad that they

were before relieved by me, and gratitude for this old service still lives warm in their memories? But, suppose I wish to do so, who will permit me, or receive hated me in his proud ships? Alas! knowest thou not, forlorn one—dost thou not yet understand the perjuries of the race of Laomedon? What then? Shall I alone accompany these exulting sailors in their flight, or shall I invade them, attended by my Tyrians and the whole people that have accompanied me, and drive again over the sea, and bid again to spread their sails to the breeze, those whom I scarce could tear away from the Sidonian city? Nay, die as thou hast deserved, and with the steel banish thy griefs. Thou, my sister, swayed by my tears, thou first didst bring these ills upon me in my mad passion and expose me to the foe. It was not allowed me to pass a life unwed without reproach, like a wild creature, and not to taste such troubles! I have not been loyal, as I swore I would be, to my dead Sychæus! Such were the loud complaints she poured from her bursting heart.

554. Æneas, now resolved to depart, was taking his rest in his tall ship, all things having been duly prepared. To him, in his sleep, the form of the God presented itself, returning with the same aspect as before, and again seemed thus to warn him, in all points like to Mercury—in voice and beauty, and in the golden hair and the comeliness of his youthful limbs. ‘Goddess-born, canst thou at such a time sleep on, and dost thou not perceive the dangers which now begin to hem thee in, infatuate that thou art, and hearest thou not the favouring zephyrs blow? She in her heart is planning stratagems and cruel deeds of wrong; now she is bent on death, and is stirring up against thee a manifold tide of wrath. Art thou not fleeing headlong hence, while still thou hast the power to hasten away? Anon thou wilt see the sea crowded with ships, and the fierce glare of torches, and the shore one blaze of flame, if the morning light find thee yet lingering on these shores. Come, rouse thee, then! no more delay. Woman is ever a changeable and fickle thing.’ So speaking, he faded away in the darkness of the night.

571. Then, indeed, Æneas, alarmed by the sudden apparition, suddenly starts from his sleep and rouses his

companions: 'Haste ye, my men, awake and take your places in the thwarts: speedily shake out the sails. Behold, a second time a God sent from high heaven urges us to fly with all haste and sever our twisted cables. We follow thee, holy one of the Gods, whoever thou art, and once again we joyfully obey thy commands. Be present with us and aid us with thy favour, and give us in the sky propitious stars.' He spoke, and swiftly from its sheath he drew his flashing sword, and smites the mooring ropes with the bared steel. A like ardour at once possesses all; they haste and hurry to be gone. Now they have left the shore; the sea is hidden by the host of ships; with sturdy strokes they whirl the foam and sweep over the dark blue waters.

584. And now Aurora, just rising from Tithonus' saffron couch, was shedding o'er the earth the light of a new day. As soon as the queen from her watch-tower saw the first white streaks of dawn, and the fleet sailing on in fair array, and perceived that the shores and harbours were deserted with not a rower left, thrice and four times striking with her hand her lovely bosom and tearing her golden hair: 'In the name of Jupiter,' she cries, 'shall this stranger escape, and leave our kingdom mocked at? Will they not make ready their arms, and pursue him from the whole city, while others hurry down the ships from the yards? Go! bring quickly firebrands, spread your sails, ply your oars!—What am I saying? or where am I? what madness is changing my purpose? Hapless Dido! does thy wickedness touch thee *now*? Then thou shouldst have felt it, when thou didst offer him the sceptre. Behold the worth of the pledges, of the honour, of him who is said to carry about with him his country's Gods, to have borne on his shoulders his father helpless through age! Could I not have seized his body and torn it limb from limb and scattered it on the waves? Could I not have slain with the sword his friends, nay, Ascanius himself, and served him up as a dainty dish at his father's table! But the issue of such a fight would have been doubtful; and, had it been doubtful, whom had I to fear, about to die? I should have hurled firebrands into their camp, and wrapped their gangways in flame, and de-



stroyed son and father and all the race, and then, with my own hand, have done myself to death. O Sun, who dost visit with thy rays all that is done on earth, and thou, Juno, who knowest and interpretest such pains as these, and thou, Hecate, whose name is shrilled at the cross-roads by night through the cities, and ye avenging Furies, and ye Gods who watch over the death of Elissa, lend a gracious ear to these words, direct, as is most just, your mighty power against wickedness, and hear our prayers. If it needs must be that this abominable man should reach his port and make the land he sails for, and thus the fates of Jove require, and this is the fixed decree: still harassed by the armed attacks<sup>of</sup> a bold race, driven from his territories, torn from Iulus' arms, let him implore aid, and see the shameful deaths of his followers; and when he has submitted to the conditions of an unfavourable peace, let him not enjoy his kingdom or the looked-for day, but fall before his time, and lie unburied on the sand. This I entreat, this last prayer I pour forth with my life-blood. And do you, O Tyrians, pursue with your hate this race through all its generations; this gift send to my ashes. Let there be no love between the peoples, nor any treaties. Arise, unknown avenger, from my bones, to harry the Dardan settlers with fire and sword, now or hereafter, at whatever time strength shall be given to us. I invoke shores to oppose shores, waves to oppose waves, arms, arms; let them fight themselves, and their descendants after them.'

630. So she spake, and kept turning her thoughts in all directions, seeking how she may soonest free herself from the light she hates. Then briefly she addressed Barce the nurse of Sychæus, for black ashes alone were left of her own nurse in her old land: 'Dear nurse, bring hither to me my sister Anna; bid her haste to sprinkle her body with pure river-water, and bring with her the beasts and the appointed offerings: so let her come; and do thou thyself wrap thy temples with the holy fillet. It is my purpose to complete the sacrifice to Stygian Jove which I have duly prepared and commenced, and to put an end to my cares, and to commit to the flames the funeral pile of the son of Dardānus.' So she speaks; the other hastened her steps

with the speed of age. But Dido, trembling and maddened by her dread purpose, rolling her bloodshot eyes, and with red spots burning on her quivering cheeks, pale at the thought of her approaching death, rushes through the inner portals of the palace, and frenzied mounts the lofty pile, and draws the Dardan sword, a gift not sought for such a purpose. Then when she saw the Ilian garments and well-known couch she paused for a short space to weep and think, and laid herself upon the couch and spoke her last words. 'Garments, dear to me while the Fates and Heaven permitted, receive this life, and free me from these troubles. I have lived my life, and I have completed the course which Fortune assigned; and now a majestic image of me will pass to the shades below. I have founded a glorious city; I have seen my walls rise; I have avenged my husband; I have punished my unfriendly brother. Fortunate, ah, too fortunate, if only the Dardan keels had never touched our shores!' So she spake, and pressing her lips to the couch: 'We shall die unavenged, but let us die,' she says. 'With this! and this! it likes me to go down to the shades. Let the cruel Dardan drink in this fire with his eyes from the deep, and bear with him the evil omen of my death.'

663. She ceased, and even as she thus spake her attendants see her fallen on the sword, and the blade foaming with blood, and her hands besprinkled too. Shouts ring through the lofty halls, Fame revels through the startled city, the houses echo with lamentations and groans and women's wailing, the very heavens resound with great lamentations. Even as if all Carthage or ancient Tyre were being overthrown by an irruption of enemies, and the raging flames were rolling over the roofs of men and of gods. Her sister heard, and breathless and in wild terror, tearing her cheeks with her nails, and beating her bosom with her hands, wildly rushed through the throng, and calls upon the dying queen by name: 'Was this thy purpose, sister? Is it with guile thou didst assail me? Was this the purport, pray, of this pyre of thine, of thy fires and altars? What must I first lament now I am left alone? Didst thou scorn to have thy sister as thy companion in thy dying moments? Thou shouldst have called me to share

thy fate: one pang, one hour should have borne us both off by the steel. And did I with these hands rear this pile, and with this voice call upon my country's Gods, that when thou wast lying thus, I, cruel that I am, should be absent? Thou hast utterly undone thyself and me, my sister, and thy people, and the chiefs of Sidon and thy city. Grant me to wash thy wounds with water, and if it may be that any last breath is hovering there, let me catch it with my mouth.' Thus speaking, she had mounted the lofty stair, and, embracing her dying sister, she was clasping her to her breast, lamenting the while, and was staunching the black blood with her robe. The queen, striving to raise her heavy eyes, again swooned away, and the wound, deep-planted in her bosom, gurgled. Thrice she rose, lifting herself and resting on her elbow; thrice she fell back on the couch, and sought the light in the heaven above with wandering eyes, and groaned as she found it. Then Juno, the all-powerful, pitying her protracted pain and her dying struggles, sent down Iris from Olympus to separate the striving spirit from the limbs that still clung to it. For since she was not perishing either by fate's decree or by a violent death deserved, but, poor soul, by an untimely end and through the impulse of a sudden frenzy, Proserpine had not yet severed from her head the golden tress, and so given over the life to Stygian Orcus. And dewy Iris then flits down through the skies on saffron pinions, trailing a thousand shifting hues as the sun's beams meet her, and stands above her head: 'As I am bidden to do, I bear away this sacred lock to Dis, and release thee from this thy body.' So she speaks, and with her right hand severs the tress, and as she did so all the warmth left the body, and the life passed away into the winds.







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